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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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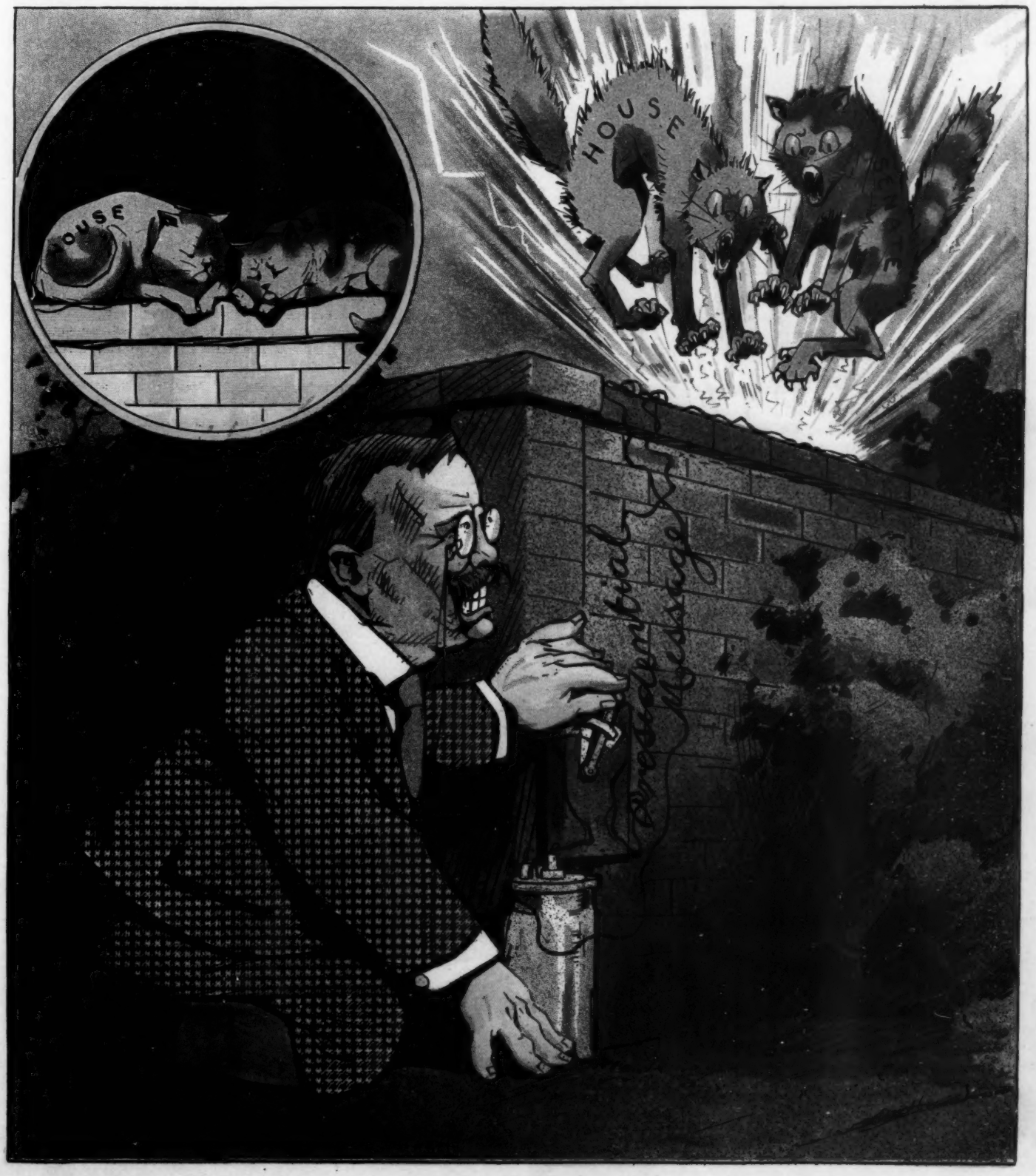

ROUGH ON CATS.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE CURRENT IS TURNED ON.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1629. WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1908
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance

Puck's Platform: Play the Game with the Cards on the Table.

(THE NATIONAL PROSPERITY LEAGUE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.)

"The association recognizes the debt the business interests—indeed, the whole country—owes you for what you have done."

IT CAN'T be delayed much longer. Somebody, somewhere, has got to be "talked of" as the Democratic candidate for Vice-President.

IT APPEARS that Mr. Jerome has won only one case that he has prosecuted personally in five years; but judgment must be reserved until it is shown that any other district attorney could have won the cases which were lost.

THE INSIDE history of the New York Senate's fight against the anti-racing bills exhibits the human animal as the most despicable creature since the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. To the Empire State belongs this unsavory credit.

IN REGARD to the tariff on woodpulp, Messrs. Cannon, Payne and Dalzell have in mind, perhaps, the story of that brave little boy who saved Holland by keeping his finger in a leak in the dyke.

IF SENATOR FORAKER at all times were as zealous a champion of the rights of plain American citizens as temporarily, and for political purposes, he is of the rights of certain negroes, what a different sort of a senator he would be!

"IT SEEMS these dresses are the latest fashion. I think them somewhat daring, but if it is the prevailing fashion there is nothing more to be said."—*A Paris Magistrate.*

Solomon in all his wisdom never bettered that decision.

HYPNOTIZED.

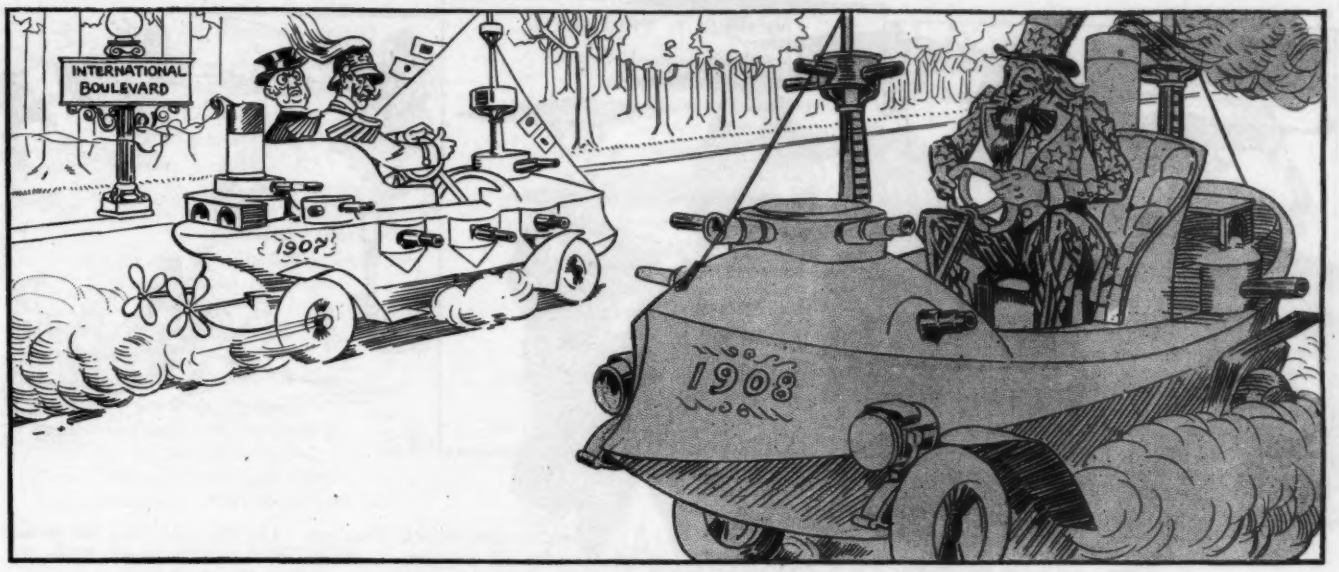
THE PROFESSOR HAS THEM SO COMPLETELY IN HIS POWER THAT THEY CANNOT DO A LITTLE THING LIKE OPEN A BOOK.

INSCRIPTION from an Indiana tombstone: "Hic joket the Fairbanks Boom."

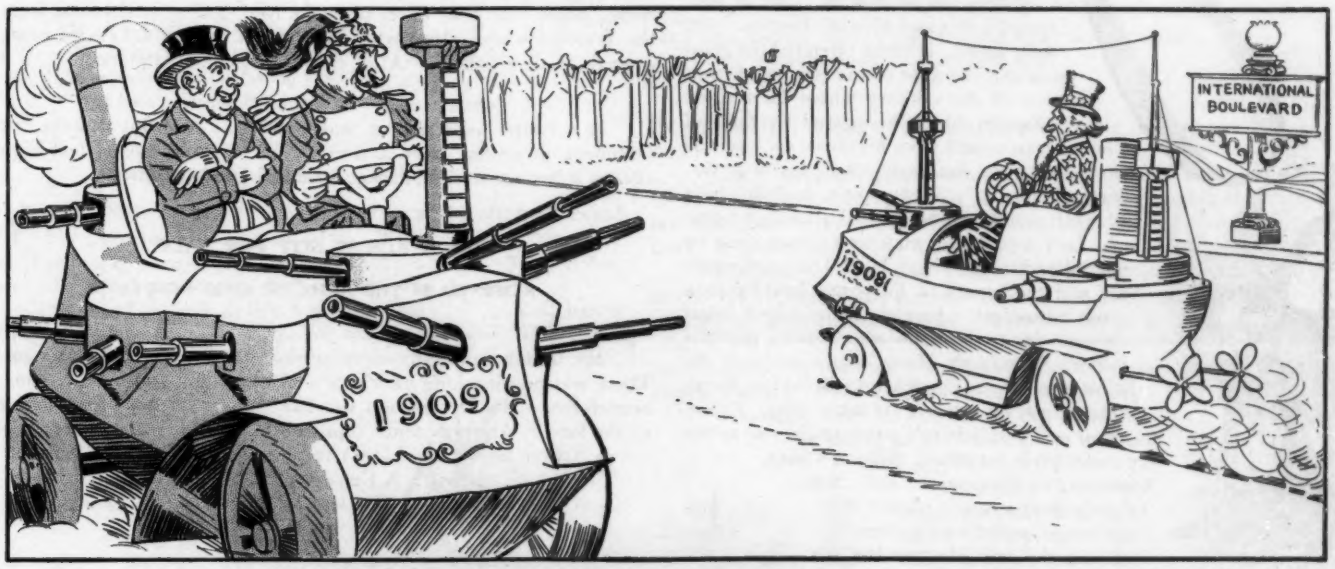
WHEN A new subway is opened to traffic, service on the "L" roads paralleling it is reduced. When a tube under a river is opened, a like reduction of service takes place on the bridge above. That interesting fact the Public Utilities Board has put in the limelight several times, and it is a fact which every strap-hanger should fix in his mind, showing as it does the policy of the traction companies to operate only as many trains as will "pay." Adequate accommodation is a secondary matter. If a street railway, "L", surface or subway, can accommodate with reasonable comfort the people who must patronize it and can pay dividends besides, well and good. But it *must* accommodate the public to the limit of its ability every hour of the day and night. If it cannot do that and "pay", then it must make way for a company that can. A street railway is no private business in the sense that a brickyard or a steam laundry is. It is possessed of a well-nigh priceless privilege in the shape of a franchise, a permit giving it a monopoly of certain public highways for a long term of years. When that privilege is appraised at its full value by the city transit companies and equal value in car service given in return, many "crush" problems will be solved. Rapid transitly speaking, things in New York's five boroughs are better than they used to be, but the new bridges and subways now building will fall far short of realizing expectations unless genuine service is maintained in the subways and on the bridges which we already have. This the Public Utilities Board can see to—— by the use of a little authority and a lot of publicity.

THE ENDLESS GAME;

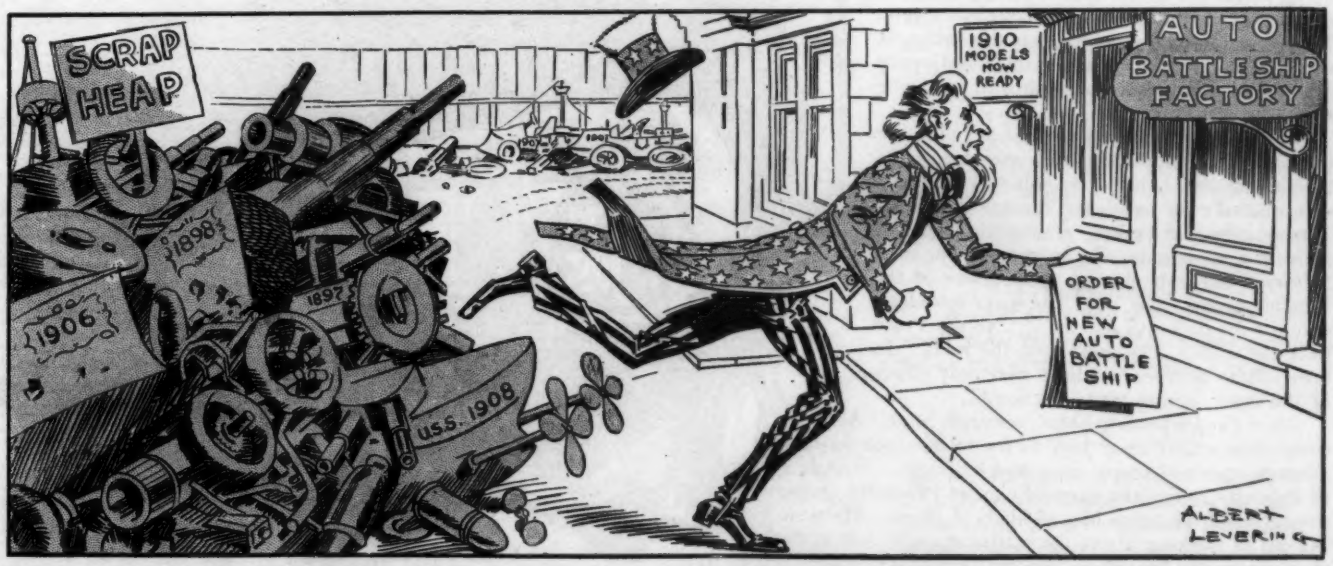
OR, IN OTHER WORDS, LIKE AUTO LIKE BATTLESHIP.



Uncle Samuel gets a lot of fun out of his fine, new 1908 model——



Until the day that those European gentlemen get a newer and finer 1909 model——



Whereupon Uncle Samuel's 1908 model goes to the scrap heap, and he places a rush order for a 1910 model.

Life is a poker game in which only a few wise ones know when to get cold feet.

PROPERLY PREPARED.

He took his fur-lined overcoat,
So cozy and so warm,
He packed his full-length rubber boots
So useful in a storm;
His heavy sweater-vest he took,
The buckskin trousers eke,
The ear-tabs made of bear-skin
That resist the breezes bleak;
The chamois chest-protector
And the mittens thick and hot,
The beaver hat and woolen socks
Were details not forgot.
And, ere departing, he made sure
That nothing warm he'd missed,—
'Cause why? His name was first upon
The summer vacation list.

M. Worth Colwell.

PLUNKETT'S PERFORMANCE.

Old Silas Plunkett had as pretty a sense of civic pride as any man East of Jersey City or South of Buffalo. But he possessed a thickset idea of Beauty. Of that, anon. It much offended the good man that the most of the territory in that section of the country where he resided and through which he passed by railroad on his trips to and from his corset factory was obsessed by the American mania for huge display advertising. When, pray, had he, Silas Plunkett, caused to be builded a 78-foot figure of a lady wearing his matchless corset, close by the railroad track? No. He did not, and would not mar the beauty of his native land by such gross expedient. Jurgle's Soap might infest the open spaces on signboards bearing pictorial lather; Spumiger's Hams might stare at the helpless traveler; Fingleheim's Breakfast Food, Obbsprung's fly-screens, Hank's beer, Peters' footwear and Diddlebury's pants might rise to the sky and stretch for miles; Billburg's Silks, Armstrong's Mincemeat and Starbright's Soups might plaster the landscape, stud the very dome of the sky and obscure the sun; but never should the hapless horizon bear the commercial aspect of Plunkett's corsets — beautiful and beatific though they were. Nature, unadorned, unsullied, was the birthright of the passenger, and it was a shame that Greedy Trade so encumbered the Earth with its visible signs.

It so happened that Mr. Plunkett's plant for the fashioning of the superb corsets which he manufactured for the lovely ladies of the land was situated close beside the Erie railroad track. Persons riding on the Erie trains might have had at least a ten-minute ride in front of his large factory, filled with glowing descriptions of the Plunkett corset. But, no. The space was clear, save for the decorous buildings. No signs rose from the roofs. Ivy grew upon the walls. In open spaces between buildings were only glimpses of the open country far to the South.

Yet Plunkett was troubled, pestered, beset. Advertising men called upon him to try to purchase space for announcements of soups, soaps and stockings. Greedy agents of Publicity, noting the splendid view of Plunkett's property from the car windows, made him all kinds of offers. He grew indignant. He got to thinking about the matter at night, and sometimes muttered curses into his pillow, after an unusually heavy day's mail from applicants for Space.

A bright idea struck Plunkett. He decided that he would give, once for all, a quietus to these would-be destroyers of Beauty.

Workmen were to be discerned, soon after, erecting an enormous signboard on the top of the main building of Mr. Plunkett's corset plant. It rose sheer from the roof, and went skyward from the ivy-clad walls. Men who had known Silas Plunkett for years gasped, as they beheld. After carpenters, came painters.

In a couple of weeks it was finished. And this was the fair sentiment, in yellow, green and red, done in letters twenty feet high against a background of staring blue and gaudy crimson:

THIS SPACE IS NOT FOR SALE

RESERVED IN THE NAME OF CIVIC BEAUTY

Mr. Plunkett became very proud. And was quite content. There was no mistaking his views on Desecration of the Sky Line, henceforth. His Declaration was like unto a far-flung banner for all the land. And was a just reproach to those Persons whose souls were little and whose Advertisements covered the Earth.

Moral: A Reformer ought to have a Guardian.

Fred. Ladd.

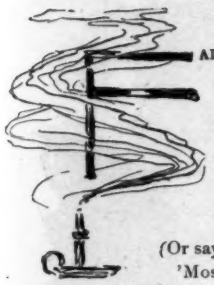
EXTRACT FROM ANY BEST-SELLER.

"A GREAT LIGHT DAWNED SUDDENLY UPON HIM."

A great deal of worldly success is due to knowing just when and how much to lie.

STOCK LYRIC.

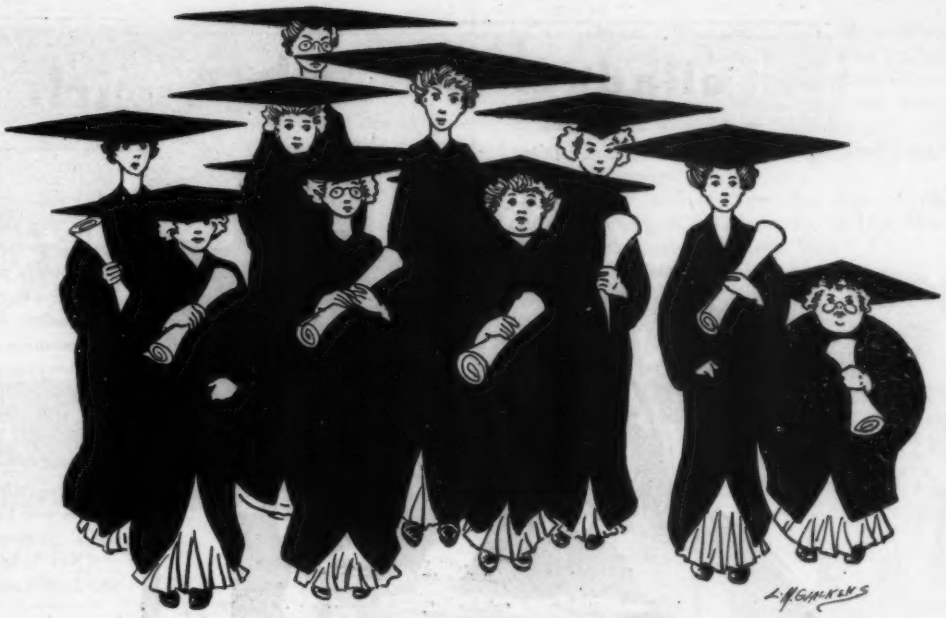
(For Mooning Swains.)



FAIR are your cheeks as roses rare;
(All who write rhymes have said this.)
Your eyes are bright as stars at night.
(A million girls have read this.)
Ah! —— (Here insert her name.)
Your lips are life's elixir!
(Or say, "Love's scintillating flame,"—
'Most either one will fix her.")

Girl with the fascinating curl,
(First lesson, *this* is simple!)
My heart beats true to none but you.
(*Now* shy one at her dimple!)
Ah! —— (Here insert her name.)
Your lips are like old wine, dear.
(Or put—far more sedate and tame—
"I would that you were mine!" here.)

Love, by yon disc moon high above,
(An oath's the proper caper)
I swear you this—a true heart's kiss!
(Try *this* on scented paper.)
Ah! —— (Here insert her name.)
This passioned rhyme must woo you!
(Here make a bid for lasting fame.)
Who hasn't *loved* ne'er knew you! *Stacy F. Baker.*



THE CLASS OF JUNE '08.

SWEET GIRL GRADS, WHAT'S THE MATTER NEXT MONTH WITH A MERRYWIDOW CAP AND GOWN?

LATE FOR THE OFFICE.

"WHAT? Nine of seven? And I'm due at the office at seven! My heavens, I'll never make it. Where is that other sock? Wish all my clean colored shirts weren't at the Chinks. Not a collar, either. I guess I put on this dirty one as I run down.

"Well, by Joe, if I didn't forget my hat! . . . . Yes, bacon and eggs darn quick. Yes, I am late for the off——. Here, give 'em to me right in my hand. There's your money. Hard luck, they went right in the lady's face; didn't see her coming out of the door.

"Gee! here she comes on a run. Wup! knocked the fellow off his bicycle; too bad; I'd no idea . . . Suffering snakes, I didn't see that painter up the ladder! Julius' sake, they're all following me! If I can only get to the office . . . .

"For heavens sake, now I *have* done it: knocked the baby cab over. Here comes the nurse. School out, too; and here comes . . . Beg pardon, officer. What's that? 'Run me in?' I tell you what, you'd better protect me from that mob coming on the run. I didn't see that peanut stand, honest! Here come the Dago and the legless man, both on the run. Beg pardon, sir, didn't mean to knock you down. You see, I'm late for the . . .

"How the dickens did I ever get away from that mob? Why, here's the office, and it's only two minutes of seven; I guess that's going some. For heaven's sake, fellows, shut the door so the mob can't get in after me. You see, I was late . . . . Somebody make them quit pounding . . . . Oh, there goes the door in! I knew it; I knew it! And here is the woman, and the man, and the painter, and the other man, and the legless man, and the cop, and the nurse, and the baby, and the Dago, and the . . . .

(The Awakening.)

"What? Only five after six? Say, but don't those moving picture shows give a fellow bad dreams?" *Donald A. Kahn.*

FROM HEIDELBERG?

Not so. He's simply been in a subway crush with a lot of modern millinery.

AS THEY'LL LOOK IN A FEW YEARS.

The Osage Indians are the richest body of people of the same size in the world. There are 1,800 of them. There is in the Treasury $8,000,000 to their credit, giving them about $4,500 apiece. Besides this they hold 1,500,000 acres, over 800 acres to every member of the tribe.—*Washington Item.*

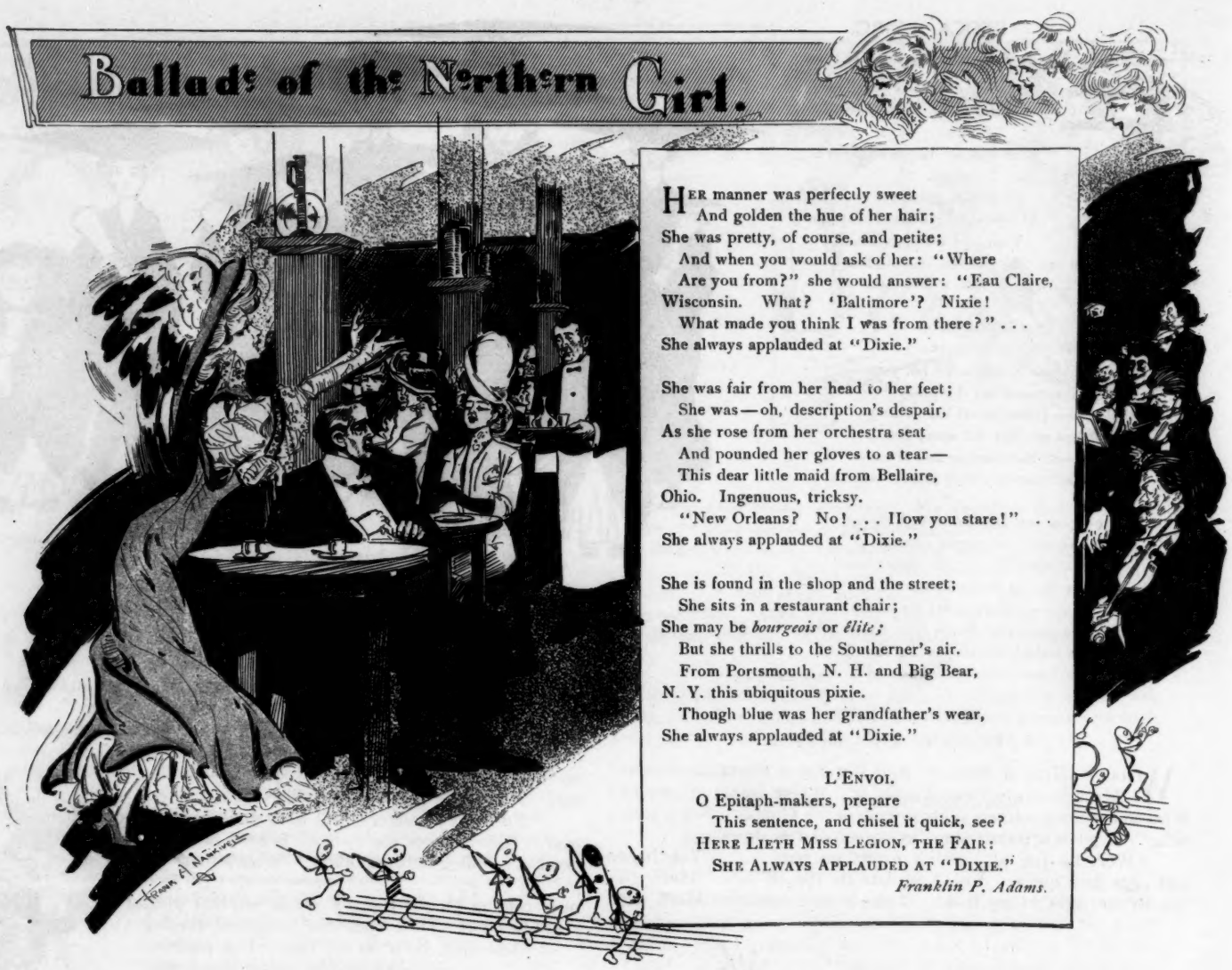
A LITTLE LATER.

MRS. RUSSET.—You durn old fool! Haven't I warned you time an' agin about buyin' patent medicines frum them market-place fakers?

MR. RUSSET.—But this here is something entirely diff'rent. No household should be without it fer a minute.

MRS. RUSSET.—Of *course* not! What is it?

MR. RUSSET.—"Carburetted Peroxide uv Gasso-Hydrolene. Good fer Man an' Auto!"



HER manner was perfectly sweet
And golden the hue of her hair;
She was pretty, of course, and petite;
And when you would ask of her: "Where
Are you from?" she would answer: "Eau Claire,
Wisconsin. What? 'Baltimore'? Nixie!
What made you think I was from there?" . . .
She always applauded at "Dixie."

She was fair from her head to her feet;
She was—oh, description's despair,
As she rose from her orchestra seat
And pounded her gloves to a tear—
This dear little maid from Bellaire,
Ohio. Ingenuous, tricksy.
"New Orleans? No! . . . How you stare!" . .
She always applauded at "Dixie."

She is found in the shop and the street;
She sits in a restaurant chair;
She may be *bourgeois* or *élite;*
But she thrills to the Southerner's air.
From Portsmouth, N. H. and Big Bear,
N. Y. this ubiquitous pixie.
Though blue was her grandfather's wear,
She always applauded at "Dixie."

L'ENVOI.

O Epitaph-makers, prepare
This sentence, and chisel it quick, see?
HERE LIETH MISS LEGION, THE FAIR:
SHE ALWAYS APPLAUDED AT "DIXIE."

Franklin P. Adams.

FROM ANY FEMININE PUBLICATION.

OUR NEW CRUSADE.

NOW THAT our old crusade has achieved its victory, and no man is permitted to leave his seat between the acts, we purpose bravely to throw ourselves into the fight to abolish tobacco-chewing. We are thankful in the knowledge that not many of our girls struggle in the clutches of this disgusting practice, but this only confirms us in our determination to employ that proud prerogative of American womanhood: to "butt in" on this habit and purge our fair country of its stain.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

We wish to apologize for the error of our immature assistant who promised for next month a centre-page of photographs of American husbands. When we learned of his *faux-pas* we were deeply discouraged, for little time remained to repair the work of his folly. Would you be satisfied to attribute to mere luck the inspiration we suddenly received? We are not.

Next months' centre-page will be composed of photographs of cooks in the second year of their service in the same family?

OUR COVER.

We think that "The Pink Lady," by Henry Nutt, is the best cover we have ever been privileged to present to our readers. The Lady's Americanism is displayed by her standing on nothing, in this artist's happy manner. His idealism is shown in cleverly reversing certain proportions of most of our readers, making his subjects' foot and bust measure, respectively, half and double the average. The artist couples his keen observation with the symbolism of the thinker.

Our next prize contest: $25 will be awarded to the best paper on "How to Win the Curate." We shall say nothing to spur you on. If you have won him, you will need the money.

If your dress patterns fail to fit, please do not write complaints to this office. Go to a surgeon.

The usual services divine will be conducted on page 48.

L. B.

MORE IMPORTANT.

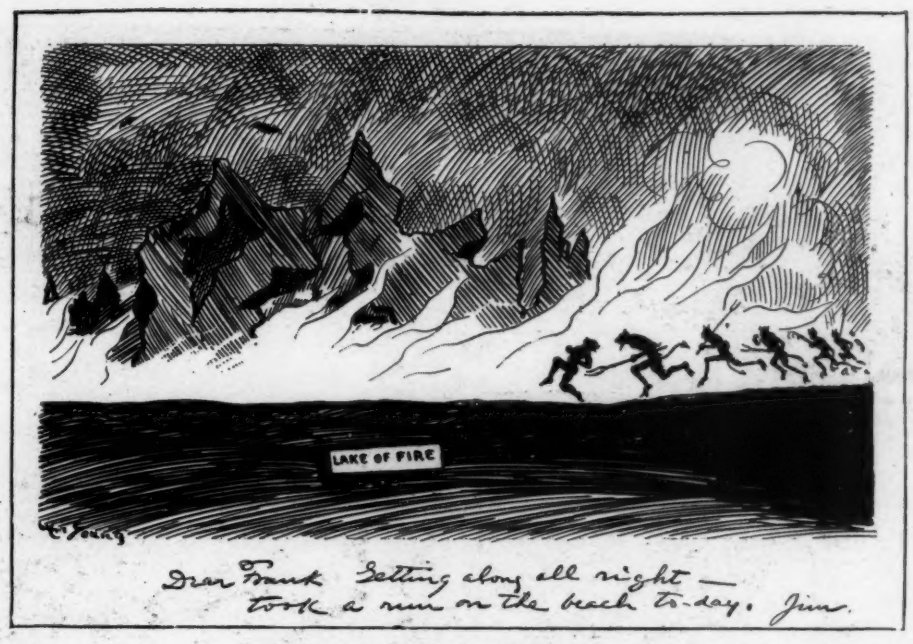
MRS. SAVEMM.—I see that soap was discovered over three thousand years ago.

MR. SAVEMM.—And how long after that did woman discover the wrappers were valuable?

LABOR VS. CAPITAL.

CAPITAL *(after the shave)*.—See here, you scamp, gimme my hat! After all the cartoons we've appeared in, don't you know the difference between a paper cap and a silk tile?

What the country needs is more men who will go into politics for their health.



POST MORTEM POSTCARDS.—I.

TO A PEANUT CZAR.

O you of more than Amazonian mouth,
Who grip the nation's business by the throat,
Who have been swelled by flatterers north and south
To think yourself the biggest toad afloat—,
O you who bang the gavel so imperiously,
How comes it that you take yourself so seriously?

Time was, and not so deuced long ago,
When Dana drove you to an earned disgrace.
We saw it in the *Sun*, and it was so—
That awful photo of your lower face.
Dana, alas! is gone across the border,
But your famed phiz is still in working order.

You fell like Humpty Dumpty from his wall,
Breathing remarks peculiarly profane;
Unlike the hero of that earlier fall,
You managed, somehow, to get back again;
And, thanks to various Interests that need you,
It may be difficult to supersede you.

I count the blame not yours so much as that
Of sundry writers for the daily press,
Who've made you what you are, an autocrat—
A mean one, but a tyrant none the less.
They have so puffed and praised and "Uncle Joed" you,
A pin-prick were sufficient to explode you.

Vain, arrogant, with pride of power blown,
Bending instructed hirelings to your sway,
You sit, inflated, on your peanut throne,
Like Sly the Tinker in the Shakespeare play.
Lord of the manor of reform-preventatives
Misnamed, God knows, the House of Representatives.

B. L. T.

DISPELLING HIS FEAR.

COLLECTOR *(warmly)*.—I've been here a dozen times, sir, and I positively won't call again!

MR. POORPAY *(cheerfully)*.—Oh, come now, old man, don't be so superstitious about making the thirteenth call;—nothing will happen, I assure you.

FOR a position of authority and responsibility much agility is required, for of course it is necessary to tramp over the little fellows and crawl under the big ones.

FABLE OF AN OLD NEW YORKER.

ONCE upon a time there lived on the Island of Manhattan a certain old New Yorker.

When he was a year old his parents moved to First Street, from Houston Street, which was the place of his birth. Thereafter, each succeeding year found this old New Yorker one block further uptown.

One day, with whitened hair and tottering gait, he emerged from a house in One Hundredth Street, where he was then living, and slowly made his way to the nearest point which commanded a prospect of the city.

The old New Yorker knew that his days were numbered. Lingeringly he gazed toward the south. With scant attention he viewed the prospect on either side, and then turning toward the north was heard to say: "Thank God! One Hundred and Tenth Street is my utmost limit."

MORAL.—The old New Yorker would rather die than live in Harlem. *L. C.*

OPEN-WORK HOSE.
THE PREVAILING STYLE IN NEW YORK.

THE FEMININE CHARM.

WOMAN bustles into corner drug store. May she use their telephone? She may, certainly. She calls up: "Hello! Is this the Magnum Opus? Well, I want the drug department. Is it true you are selling the dollar size soothing syrup for 65 cents? Well, you may send me up a bottle."

Woman gives her name and address. Hangs up receiver. Is going out, but comes back. People of the place feel their hearts melt with good will when she says: "Let me have ten cents worth of stamps. I forgot to stop at the post-office, as I came along."

She is perfectly unconscious throughout.

WHEN THEY ARE "LISTED."

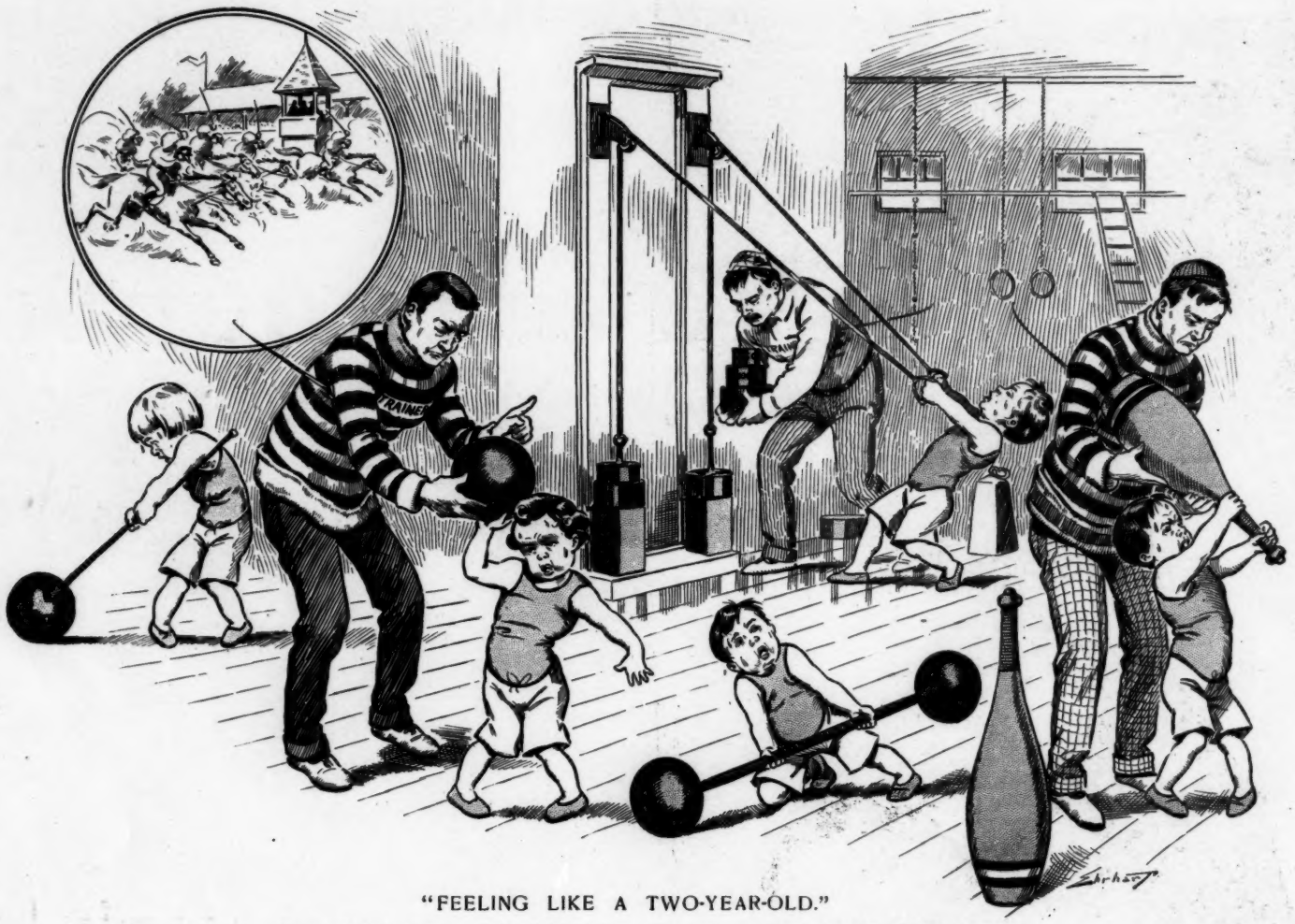
FOREIGN INVESTOR.—*Sacre nom de plume!* Zat Pittsbairg Prefaired has gone up two chateaux since ze opening!

THE PUCK PRESS

THE DISPUTED TITLE.

WHO OWNS IT?

THE UNITED STATES



"FEELING LIKE A TWO-YEAR-OLD."

If we "improved the breed" of infant humans as we improve the breed of infant horses.

ONE MORE QUESTION.

IN VIEW of the many questions which already harass and vex not only us but the Supreme Court as well, it may seem unseemly to come forward with another one, and yet, on the other hand, we could not be much worse confused than we are now.

The question proposed lies in the realm of sainted trade, of which competition is both the life and death. So far, under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, backed by adequate constitutional interpretations, both combinations of capitalists and of laborers have been declared to be in restraint of trade and, therefore, illegal, inadvisable and enjoinable. But there is still another possible combination, that of consumers. Even now consumers' leagues exist, but they have not yet been much heard from. Suppose however they should be put upon a formidable and rantankerous basis, what would we do about it? Their very first move would undoubtedly be in restraint of trade. They would attack high prices, for high prices are the tendon of Achilles of the consumer, and high prices are just as important to trade as large combinations of capital and low wages. Logically, therefore, consumers' leagues would be illegal, inadvisable and enjoinable.

That is the question which may properly be added to the present gayety of nations. Shall we tackle it now, or wait until after the presidential election? *Ellis O. Jones.*

ITS MODESTY.

"THIS village enjoys the reputation of being the birthplace of two members of the legislature and one Congressman, does it not?" politely inquired the sojourner within its gates.

"Nope!" replied the landlord of the Pettyville tavern, who was a pessimistic old grouch, anyhow. "It just has it, that's all."

MEANLY DEFINED.

CONLEY *(reading paper in Feeney's saloon).*—What's a dead reckonin', Dinny?

FEENEY.—The bar bill iv $7.80 I have agin yer late brother Mike.

A CASE OF RATTLES.

MR. FISH.—For Neptune's sake, my dear, put the medicine in my mouth!—*that's* my gill-slit!

THE FAMILY QUARREL.

THE telephone bell jingled joyously. Mr. and Mrs. Newlove were seated at the pretty mahogany table, reading.

"Nellie, dear, will you answer the 'phone?" warbled the benedict.

"Now, Charlie, you *know* I never like to answer," she replied.

"But it's some member of your family. They generally begin telephoning about this time every evening."

"It is not so."

"Probably your mother."

"No, it isn't, Charlie."

"Or your father."

"No, not father."

"Maybe your brother, Willie."

"The truth about the matter is that some member of *your* family is calling."

"How absurd. They never call."

"I suppose they want to tell you how to crush my spirits."

"Rather, it is your mother with some instructions on how to work me for my money."

"It is untrue."

"Well, the 'phone message isn't for me."

"It isn't for me, either."

"But your family are always calling up here."

"They never do."

"Are you going to answer?"

"What's the use when it's your mother or father trying to tell us how to manage our affairs."

"I will say the same thing about your family."

"Nellie, I want you to distinctly understand that you cannot abuse my mother and father to my face."

"And, Charlie, I want you to understand that you cannot talk about my family to my face, either."

"Well, I'll end this by answering the 'phone. Of course, I will have to call you, but what's the difference as long as we have peace. . . .

"Hello! . . .

"No. This is not B 184. You have the wrong number." *John H. McNeely.*

SPEAKING OF NOODLES.

WE HAVE received the following communication from *The Macaroni and Noodle Manufacturers Journal*, "official organ of the National Association of Macaroni and Noodle Manufacturers of America":

> EDITOR "THE PUCK":—
>
> *Dear Sir:* We would thank you to put us on an exchange list with your publication. We are printing the only Noodle and Macaroni M'frs.' journal in this country, (in fact as far as we know in the world), and our publication is now alive for over five years.
>
> Yours truly,
> MACARONI JOURNAL CO.

Our esteemed contemporary errs in thinking itself the only noodle on the beach. PUCK is first in noodles, first in macaroni, and first in the hearts of their manufacturers. Scratch a noodle manufacturer and you will find a constant reader of PUCK. We congratulate our noodle contemporary on being "alive for over five years," but we point with pride to the fact that the artist who drew the first noodle exhibited in America was employed by PUCK twenty years ago and has been drawing noodles ever since, with and without holes. However, there is room for all, let the noodles fall where they will.

73 Million Dollars in 37 Weeks!

Ordinary Life Insurance Issued.

The NEW Low Cost Policy OF

The Prudential

Is the Greatest Triumph in Life Insurance!

This is the Policy The People Want!

After eight months of unparalleled success, read what our Enthusiastic Field Managers say. These are selected from hundreds of letters.

"The Prudential agent is to-day invincible, and is envied by representatives of all Companies." —*R. J. Mix, New York City.*

"With such a Policy to sell, every Prudential agent should double his income." —*Ray S. Cummings, Newark, N. J.*

"We are on the ground with the proper goods, and the proper prices." —*Joseph Herzberg, Milwaukee, Wis.*

"New Policy is the success of the age. We have no competition. *The Guarantees Talk.*" —*Rowland & Wilson, St. Louis, Mo.*

"New Policy, Liberal Provisions, Low Premiums, attract prospective insurers." —*B. D. Van Ostrand, Topeka, Kans.*

"The man with Prudential Rate Book gets the business." —*C. B. Knight, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"New Policy has met a popular demand. Good insurance at low cost." —*H. A. Austin, Kansas City, Mo.*

"All the people need is a clear presentation of facts to lead them to buy the New Policy. Our business this year is better than last two years." —*R. S. Boyns, San Francisco, Cal.*

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"Prudential's great size, tremendous business, absolute safety and New Policy make competition a thing of the past." —*H. B. Nelles, Los Angeles, Cal.*

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"Agents of other Companies are up against the Rock. Our 15 Payment Life for less than others' 20 Payment Life tells the story." —*H. H. Roth, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"New Policy appeals to smart merchant. He buys it as he would merchandise, knowing net cost from the start." —*Louis Wirth, Cincinnati, O.*

"New Contract is practically half sold as soon as presented." —*S. D. Parker, Scranton, Pa.*

"Our business for the first three months of 1908 is more than triple." —*O. B. Herrick, Syracuse, N. Y.*

"The business of my Agency this year has increased more than 100%." —*I. W. Wilson, Cleveland, O.*

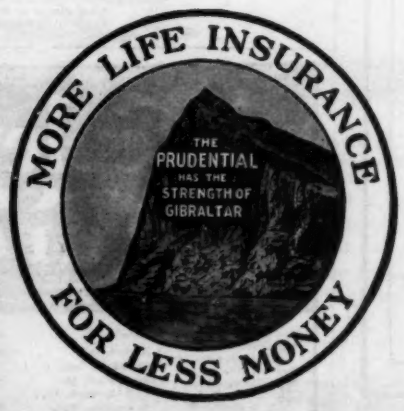
"New Low Cost Policy speaks for itself. A Stipulated sum for a stipulated commodity. No 'promise to pay,' but a 'guarantee to pay.' No estimates or guesses, but FACTS." —*A. C. Crowder, Jackson, Miss.*

"Best Policy on the market." —*Frank Chester Mann, Boston, Mass.*

"It is easy to sell in competition." —*C. B. Wilson, Knoxville, Tenn.*

Annual Cost Whole Life Policy Per $1,000

Age 20	$14.96
Age 25	16.77
Age 30	19.08
Age 35	22.10
Age 40	26.09
Age 45	31.47
Age 50	38.83
Age 55	48.98



THIS IS THE VERY BEST POLICY FOR

the Man Without Life Insurance and for the Man Who Needs More.

SEND FOR SPECIMEN POLICY TODAY

State age, nearest birthday, and occupation. Write Dept. P.

The Prudential

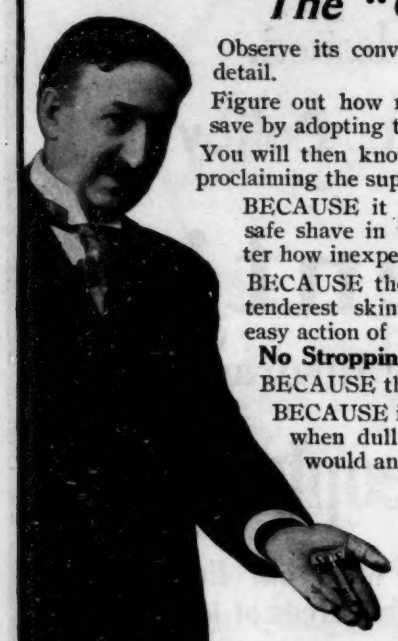
Insurance Co. of America.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Dissect My Razor

The "GILLETTE"



Observe its convenience—its perfection in every detail.

Figure out how much time and money you can save by adopting the "Gillette" habit.

You will then know why over two million men are proclaiming the superiority of the "Gillette."

BECAUSE it gives you a clean, comfortable, safe shave in three to five minutes—no matter how inexperienced you are.

BECAUSE the harshest beard, though on the tenderest skin, willingly yields to the soft, easy action of the keen "Gillette" blade.

No Stropping. No Honing.

BECAUSE the holder lasts a lifetime.

BECAUSE its blades are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen.

King C. Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor Set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged flexible blades—24 keen edges, packed in a velvet-lined leather case, and the price is $5.00.

Combination Sets from $6.50 to $50.00

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day. If substitutes are offered, refuse them, and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

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Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

A Burlesque Historical Novel

Monsieur d'en Brochette

By the Humorous Syndicate

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL
and BERT LESTON TAYLOR

29 Full-page Illustrations by FRANK A. NANKIVELL

This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of histrio—adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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"The World's Best Table Water"

The Hit of the Hour, "Richard's Poor Almanack," beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book, sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Building, N. Y.

THE WORLD OF TRAFFIC.

"But we raised the rate for the good of the public," said the railroad magnate.

"Couldn't you make that a little clearer?" ventured the spokesman of the committee.

"Why," continued the magnate, "people who can't afford to travel under the new tariff will save money, and we will run fewer trains, without diminishing the total of receipts."

"But where's the advantage to the road?"

"Fewer trains, less axle grease. The public, my dear sir, has no idea, positively it hasn't, as to the cost of axle grease."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A LELAND Stanford University student ate a toadfrog, because some one bet him he wouldn't. The effect higher education has on some boys is plainly evidenced in this case.—*Washington Herald.*

A CLEAR CASE.

RURAL CONSTABLE.—Yessir, I want t' sue Jedge Sowders fur slander.

VILLAGE LAWYER.—Sue the Judge! Why, what's he said?

RURAL CONSTABLE.—Well, las' Monday when I took that loafin', good-fur-nuthin' drunkard Jem Billings up t' the County Seat an' 'raigned him fur intoxication, the Jedge leans over the bench an' he says, "Which one of 'em's the prisoner?"

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters in half grape fruit, after sugar is added, makes delightful morning tonic. Try it to-morrow.

THE Keeley Cure for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 28 years.

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were a criterion
of value

PHILIP MORRIS
ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

Would command
a higher premium
than any other
Turkish Cigarette
in the world.

THE TIME FOR DISAPPEARING.

News reaches London *Punch* from a private source of the wonderful and satisfactory effect the Highlanders are having on the Zakha Khels. No sooner do the wild tribesmen catch sight of the skirted warriors than with a cry of "Look out — here come the Suffragettes!" they disappear as by magic.

Pears'

Pears' Soap is made in a clean, sun-flooded factory; then stored a full year in a dry, airy place, before coming to you.

Is it such a wonder it lasts so long?

Established in 1789.

A CONTRACT BREAKER.

"I refuse to sign the papers," declared the popular actress for the fourth time.

"I don't know why," murmured the manager at a safe distance. "Signing the papers doesn't seem to have any significance for her in real life." — *Washington Herald.*

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. If you have tired, aching feet, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Cures aching, swollen, sweating feet. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE trial package, also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

SHE KNEW HIM.

"Mrs. Kutely has finally convinced her husband that it's sinful to play golf, especially on Sunday."

"Why, she plays herself."

"Exactly; and that was the only way she could induce her husband to play with her."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

REMEMBER THIS.

"The iniquity is," declared Governor Hughes at Carnegie Hall, "that back of a Senator is not only a boss but some special interest that uses a boss. The same boss who serves the race-track interests by voting his Senator for them is able to serve the traction and gas and insurance interests by voting his Senator for them. The special interests know where and how to apply for help. — *The World.*

THE interest manifested in the second place on the democratic ticket is the highest compliment that has been paid to Mr. Bryan this season.—*Wash. Star.*

A CHICAGO street worth $40,000 has been stolen by a corporation. Raisuli is overlooking glorious opportunities by remaining in the trackless desert.—*Chicago Post.*

IT is surprising how many mayors there are in this country who come into the limelight when the baseball season opens by tossing the first ball, and then are heard of no more thereafter.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE CONSPICUOUS MERITS OF
HUNTER
BALTIMORE
RYE

ARE PURITY, QUALITY AND UNIFORM EXCELLENCE GUARANTEED UNDER THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAW AN ABSOLUTELY PURE RYE WHISKEY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

PERHAPS a subway will do it, but what Chicago really needs in the transit line is a sitway.—*The Inter Ocean.*

SOME of the gentlemen who thought they were going to give Taft a hard run are already looking forward to the possibility of renewing hope in 1912.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE Czar released 20,000 political prisoners at Easter. The Czar is on to the fact that if you are sufficiently despotic in the fall you can be so beautifully clement in the spring.—*Chic. Post.*

ONE of the courts has held that kissing constitutes assault and battery when it is accomplished without the aid or consent of the kissed. But some people will believe that even by that name it will be just as sweet. — *Chicago Record-Herald.*

ACCORDING to a London clergyman "The excessive talker is a human vampire who saps the vitality of those about him." It is to be hoped this somewhat picturesque definition will not be utilized as campaign literature.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Lusitania"
The new ARROW
Distinctly the collar of the season, 15c., 2 for 25c.

Sold only under the ARROW label. Send for "Proper Dress," a style book by an authority.
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 483 River St., Troy, N.Y.
Makers of Cluett Shirts.

OF NO ASSISTANCE.

FAIR SCIENTIST.—I am in search of a certain kind of bug, and I thought perhaps you might be able to help me to—

FARMER *(who knows the English language)*.—Dunno's I kin, ma'am. I hed a bug workin' fur me las' year, but he got t' actin' so plum crazy that I hed t' let him go right in hayin' time.

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.

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STORIES

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SHORT SIXES.
Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

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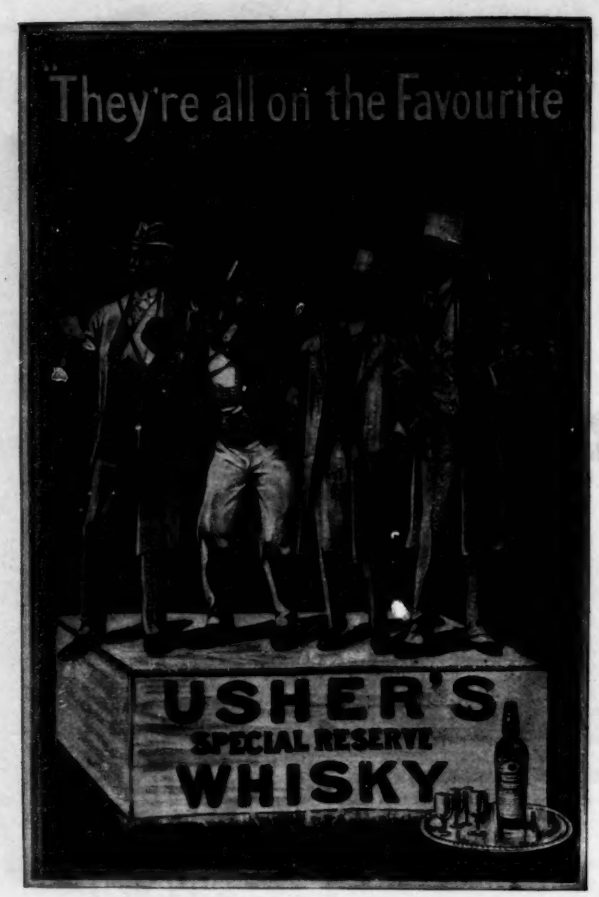

CLASSICS UNDER SUSPICION.

"Do you approve of the Greek drama?" inquired the student.

"No," answered the manager, "not if it gives some of these college boys their ideas of what to expect and how to behave in a theater."—*Washington Star.*

SOME ONE advises women to shampoo their hair with gasoline. We presume this illuminating suggestion is put forth in order to relieve the monotony of the celluloid comb peril.—*Washington Herald.*

A NEW YORK senator who voted against the anti-gambling bills has been defeated for election as church trustee by a vote of 141 to 5. It must be conceded that Gov. Hughes has precipitated serious trouble for several people, even though he did not get the legislation he sought.—*Washington Star.*

ODD, BUT TRUE.

Here's a case where extremes
Very closely are yoked:
When a man's dry, it seems,
He's most apt to get "soaked."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

ART AND TEARS.

"I suppose you sometimes shed real tears at the theater?" said the admirer.

"I am tempted to," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "when I look over the box office statement."—*Washington Star.*

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know upon what ground a near-poet may be indicted. Might get him for mayhem—mutilating feet.—*Wash. Herald.*

IN view of the way in which the Japanese are treating Korea, the United States wouldn't yield to Japan without a struggle.—*Phila. Ledger.*

IT is hardly worth while to argue with Prof. Linotype. A theatrical critic wrote it, "It was a historical play, acted by a fine actor." The professor couldn't stand for this, so he put it, "It was a hysterical play, acted by a shine actor."—*Wash. Herald.*

Evans'
Ale or Stout
can be had in
"Splits"
as well as regular size bottles
Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers Everywhere.
C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Hudson, N. Y.

Club Cocktails

A Bottled Delight

THERE is always something lacking in the flavor of a made-by-guesswork cocktail. CLUB COCKTAILS are the only perfect cocktails. A mixed-to-measure blend of rare old liquors aged in wood—always uniform in flavor, fragrant, delicious, appetizing, a CLUB COCKTAIL is a vastly better drink than any chance-mixed cocktail possibly could be.

7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

G. F. Heublein & Bro.
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

AN AUTOMOBILE TRIP.

A whizz—a smell of gasoline—
A thought of worlds to come—
A blurr of green (the passing scene),
I guess that's going some!
—*Washington Star.*

HER BUSINESS.

"What business is Miss Gaddie in?"

"Oh, she's in everybody's business."

"Wholesale, eh?"

"Yes, except when it comes to a bit of scandal; she retails that."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE house fly question is also interesting to the people out in the cyclone belt.—*The Inter Ocean.*

SAVING A LIFE.

"If you don't marry me," he said desperately, "I shall kill myself."

"And write a note telling all about it?" queried the maid.

"Yes."

"And hold my photograph in your other hand?"

"I had thought about it."

"Well, just wait a minute," she said, "and I'll borrow pa's pistol for you. My! but won't it be romantic?"

But he faded.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WE note the activity of the Hon. J. B. Yellowly in Mississippi. We do not know the gentleman, neither do we know what office he owns or aspires to, but he certainly has the most appropriate name for a politician we ever ran across.—*Washington Herald.*

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PAPER WAREHOUSE,
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY
WHISKEY
for Gentlemen who cherish Quality.

LOOK OUT FOR GOOD MR. ANGELL.

LAWSON.—Colonel Talkers says he had fourteen horses shot under him during the Civil war.

DAWSON.—He had better look out, or he will get into trouble with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—*Somerville Journal.*

AND, on the other hand, April showers may produce May skating ponds.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE Allentown man who snatched off and trampled upon a Merry Widow hat that had sawed his neck wasn't polite. That's the worst that can be said of him.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

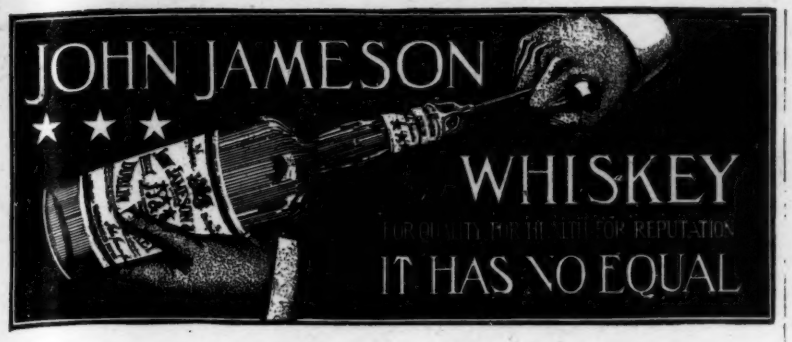
A COMMON OR GARDEN TRUTH.

BACKYARD GARDENER.—Mary, can you tell by the leaf what the name of that darn flower is?

HIS WIFE.—Why—er—it's—er— You can tell by looking it up in the seed catalogue, can't you?

B. G.—Not exactly; flowers are always in bloom in the catalogue.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

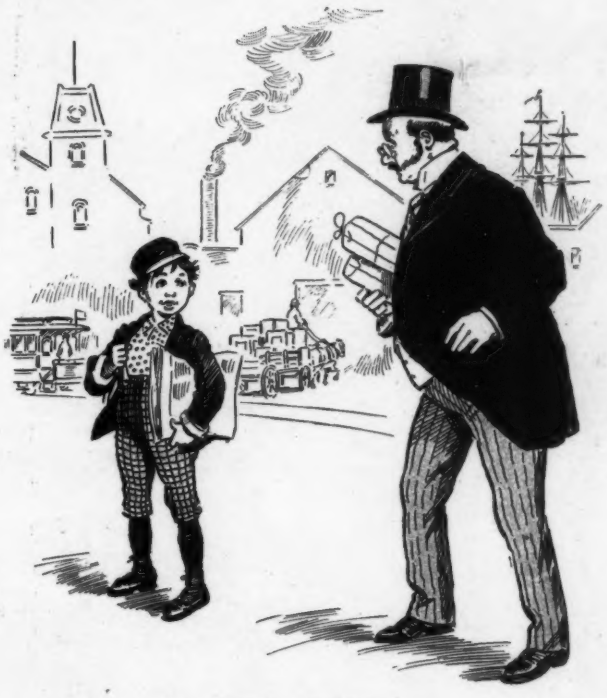


THE man who always says exactly what he thinks, ought always to think a long time before he speaks.—*Somerville Journal.*

YOUNG ROCKEFELLER says that unscrupulous wealth is not to be envied. In other words, it is sinful to covet Rockefeller coins.—*Phila. Ledger.*

BUT suppose when the booze foundries have shipped goods on approval, a man decides, after he drinks the stuff, that he doesn't like it? — *Indianapolis News.*

IN another respect, recent evidence seems to prove our war ships' superiority over those of the Japanese. While ours were blown up in a monthly magazine, one of the Japs' was blown up by its powder magazine. — *Washington Herald.*



NOT FOUND.

STRANGER ON WEST ST.—What's the best way to get to South Ferry, sonny?

NEWSBOY.—Dere ain't no best way, Cap. Dis is de Belt Line dat runs t'rough here.

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

In each pound there are three to four hundred pipefuls—it costs $2.00 per pound—three-quarters of a cent a pipe.

If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

SEND 10 CENTS for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

A GRAND FINALE TO A CHAPTER OF COURSES

A GRAND FINALE TO A CHAPTER OF COURSES

LIQUEUR

Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
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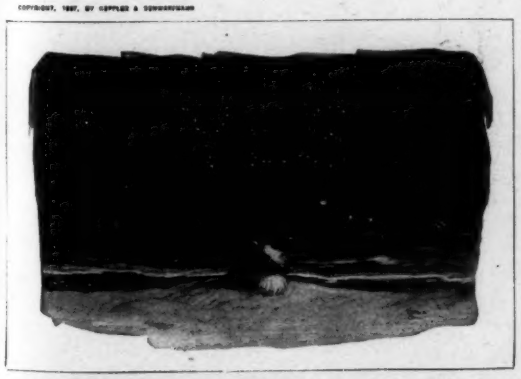

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"If this isn't the hottest day we've had, I'll eat my hat."
By Merle Johnson.
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DIGGING 'EM OUT.

CUPID, THE GARDENER.—Drat these weeds! They grow up overnight!